

1. P. 2.
13
THE

Duke of Marlborough's RETURN.

Wherein is Publish'd,

His GRACE's Epitaph,
Both in *Latin* and *English*;

The former being supposed to have been written at *Antwerp*, by a *converted* Monk (upon a Report of his Grace's Death, *June 3, 1714.*) The latter having been Printed before, as a *Translation* from the Original.

*Quem populi plausu, procerum quem Voce pctebas
Adspice Roma Virum —*

Humbly inscrib'd to
His GRACE the Duke of Marlborough.

LONDON, Printed: And Sold by R. Burleigh in
Amen-Corner, 1715.

13

THE

Duke of Devonshire

WILLIAM

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THE Duke of Devonshire



3
To His GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of *Marlborough*,

Prince of the Holy Empire;

Marquis of *Blandford*; Earl of *Marlborough*;
Baron *Churchill* of *Sandridge*, and Baron
Churchill of *Aumouth*; Captain General of
all His Majesty's Forces; Master General of
the Ordnance; Collonel of the first Regiment
of Foot Guards; one of the Lords of His
Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council;
and Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter.

— Iterum magnis insistere Rebus
Incipe. Tib. Quando Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit. Virg.



THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

S I R,

A Great Number of Persons having pressed for a second Edition of the *English* Epitaph, I have thought fit to comply with their Demands; and to add the *Latin* Copy of it also, for the Entertainment of such as are inclin'd to peruse it; having no more to offer in Relation to either of them, than that one is to be consider'd as a *Monkish* Piece of Poetry; the other as a long *translated* Inscription on a Sepulchral-marble. Whether

A 3

this

The Publisher to the Reader.

this *last* Hint will be of any use to the Friends of the Muses, I cannot tell; whose Thoughts and Expressions lose often a great part of their Beauty and Force, by being cramp'd and confin'd either to the *Sound* of Rhime, or to the *too settled* justness of Number and Measure; but this I am sure of, that I shall sufficiently gain my own Ends, if I happen to please any of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Admirers; who, no doubt, rejoice now at the beholding of his Grace's present good Fortune, in Proportion to that Indignation and Grief which they lately *suffered*; when Disgrace and Absence were the hard Fate of their Darling *Hero*: Whose *confess'd* Deservings in all Nations abroad, even in *France*, are a too severe Chastisement, and Reprimand to his Enemies at Home. And I cannot but pity these mean Detractors from his Grace's Fame, and Applause; when I consider that the Fortunate Actions of *publick*-spirited Men (distinguish'd by Superior Merit and Post) derive some Honour to every Inferior Fellow-Citizen and Countryman. How undeserving therefore are such Persons of the Happiness of being born in an Age, and of having liv'd in a King-

The Publisher to the Reader.

Kingdom, where *such* a Genius, so great a *General* and *Statesman* flourish'd, as the *Duke of Marlborough*.

Could he have prov'd *more* Prosperous for his Country's Advantage, whilst he was in Power? and had not we been much more so, had he been continued in his Command? But that which would have procur'd him a *Statue* at *Greece* or in *Rome*, was attended with the most ungrateful Returns and Consequences here. And his Mistress, who had given him frequent Opportunities of shewing the ablest Statesman, the most finish'd Captain, when employ'd; gave him another of shewing the best Christian, the wisest Philosopher, and the most Dutiful of Subjects; when she discharg'd him from her Service. Blessed Soul! temper'd with the greatest *Fire*, and the greatest *Phlegm*. Fitted to bear the Distractions of the loudest Thunder, and the Inactivity of the greatest Calm. Happy Man! who, with the same Evenness of Mind, and untroubled Temper, can behave himself; when he Receives, Enjoys, Resigns; and receives and enjoys again the most admir'd Gifts of Fortune, the Favours of a Court. Illustri-

The Publisher to the Reader.

ous Mortal! design'd by Supreme Wisdom to be an Example to Mankind how to *endure* Both Enemies and Friends.

Whilst his Grace was absent, I have often entertain'd myself with the Melancholly Consideration of the ill Treatment, which he had so frequently met withal; and could never secure my Mind from Disturbance and Inquietude; when I reflected, how that *one* Representative Body, of the Commons of *England*, enter'd him into their Books, for the most meritorious Subject, that ever defended or *retriev'd* the Honour of the *English* and Protestant Cause; and yet that another could so soon afterwards Vote him a Criminal, without being able to Condemn him. Strange! That he who had successfully commanded the Queen's Armies, should be brought so shamefully to the Queen's Bench, and for no Reason, that ever yet appear'd, unless for Beating the Enemies both of her and her Kingdoms. Strange! that he who had been so honourably Rewarded by the whole Legislature; to whose Glories the most important *Archives* of the Kingdom bear Witness, and to whose Successes Buildings and Pillars were erected;

The Publisher to the Reader.

erected; that he who had been made PRINCE of that Empire, which he secur'd and reliev'd, should so ingloriously be disgrac'd and sent abroad! That it should become Dangerous to speak well of him; and unfashionable to mention him at all. However I question not but that the Time is near at Hand, when full Justice will be done by the United States of the Realm, to the *indelible* Honours of this Great Person; whom Grandeur never made insolent; nor Success popular; who, had he betray'd, instead of defended his Country, his Case could not ha' been much more remarkably Cruel; who fought without Heat; pursued without Blood; triumph'd without Pride; and allow'd Providence, the Queen, and the Soldiery always, their distinct share of the Glory of those Actions which he was so happily concerned in; and therefore I cannot but conclude, that those Persons labour now under the severest hardship of Self-Accusation, who gave themselves the *Pain* of falsely exposing so uncontested a Virtue, so extensive a Merit.

When his Grace took Shipping last of all in *Holland*, he had no other Expectation, in
all

The Publisher to the Reader.

all Appearance, but to come here to enjoy the unrival'd Happiness of being absent from Court, overlook'd by the Crowd, and deserted, or avoided by a great many Persons, who had liv'd happy under his Influence and Protection before. Nay, the stormy Weather of that Time was plac'd to the Account of his *Demerit*; and his merciless Enemies content with the unhappy incident of a more merciless Sea; when behold! Providence order'd that Tempest in all likelihood to be his *last*; and the Clouds which delay'd his coming, serv'd only to shew him afterwards in the greater Sun-shine and Lustre; for, the Queen dying, whilst he was at Sea, he found, at his Landing, the Majority of the Regency to be in his Interest.

Fortunate! *Fore-runner* of his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne!

Blessed! *Omen*, of a Prosperous Reign! And mayst thou, and all the rest of his Majesty's wife Counsellors and Servants, make *Him* as Prosperous at Home, and glorious Abroad as they made his Royal Predecessor, when *they* manag'd Publick Affairs for *Her*.

The Publisher to the Reader.

May our *Hero* particularly, who lay buried in *Antwerp*, and was Dead to his Country, become now a lasting *Ornament* unto it ; and, if need be, a *Defence* also. If the Presumption of a disappointed and factious Party should frame any wicked Schemes here, or assist any which may be laid *elsewhere*, to disturb his Majesty in the quiet Possession of his Lawful, *Hereditary* Crown, and the due Execution of the *Laws of the Land*,

*Quod optanti, Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet ; volvenda Dies en ! attulit ultro !*



The English to the French

May we have a copy of the
... and was sent to the ...
... a ... of the ...
... and ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...

A N
E P I T A P H

Upon His G R A C E

J O H N
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

Extinctus amabitur Idem.

I N hopes of an happy Resurrection,
Here lies the Body of

J O H N
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH,
An ENGLISH-MAN.

Whose Soul
Above Mortality now,
Out of the Power of Envy,

Or

(14)

Or

Ingratitude,

Enjoys the happiest Stations of *Elysium*.

Where

Alexander, Cæsar, Cato,

Admire,

Revere,

Adore,

The bravest *General*, the firmest *Patriot* :

Where

Nor Cowardice, nor Treachery,

Vain Glory, vain Ambition,

A sordid Thirst for Riches;

A restless Aim at Greatness,

Or studied Popularity and Noise :

Where

No base *Betrayer* of his *Prince's Weakness*,

No Sycophant,

No servile Courtier of th' inconstant Crouds,

(Who, whom they raise, pull down ;)

Where no *One Soul*

That serves his *Country's Enemy*,

To build his private Int'rest,
On that Country's Ruin,
Who trusts his *Foe*, deserts his *Friend*,
Dare shew his hated Head.

Stop, *Traveller*,
Here are the poor Remains
Of

GENERAL CHURCHILL,
His Country's *Glory*, and his Country's *Shame*.
Who

Having enlarg'd her *Credit* far abroad
In conqu'ring Armies, and victorious Troops,
And having well secur'd her *Peace* at home,
Was first *Rewarded*;

Then
All, but *Banish'd* here.

Happy Antwerp!
To whose antient Walls each Foreigner,
The Hither and the Nether *Indian* too,
In future Times will come
To read and wonder,
To learn,

How

How changeable is every Mortal's Fate,
How certain Death.

Then value not thy self, vain Man!

Although possessest

Of Youth or Beauty, Riches, Glory,

Since all that's valuable could not save

Great *Marlborough* from *Antwerp*, and the Grave:

And all thy Gifts,

Whether of Body, Fortune, or of Mind,

Will not continue thee *thy self* for ever.

Whether thou'rt renown'd

For *Military* Feats,

In glorious Fields, in prosperous Campaigns,

For Troops courageously led on, and soon

Victoriously led off.

Whether thou'rt renown'd

For bravely storming, with a daring Hand,

The well-wall'd Citadel and Rampart

Of *Flanders* strongest Towns.

Or whether thou hast purchas'd *Fame*,

In distant Courts, and Camps, and Palaces,

For being skill'd in *Counsel* deep and dark,

And

And understanding well
The many *mazy* Wiles, and Turns of State.

For,

Little it avails;

(Read *Marlborough's* Fate)

Little,

To have known the diff'rent Interests
Of neighb'ring, and of distant Nations :

Little to have known

The truest Int'rest of our *Native Land*,
And to have fix'd it nearest to his Heart;

Little it avails,

To have advanc'd most *Glorious* Terms of Peace :

To have directed a most *Glorious War* :

T' have been the *Darling* of his Prince :

T' have had the *Heart* of every Fellow Subject
Of *mitred* Flamens : and of *well-rob'd* Priests :

Of *furr'd* Patricians : and *plain* Senators :

Of plainer poor Plebeians ;

For Time, and Chance,

Death, and Disgrace

Happen, alas! to all :

B

The

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B

The

The Stout, the Coward; to the Wise, the Fool :

The Just, the Knave :

The honest *LOVER* OF HIS COUNTRY.

The *ROGUE* that does betray it.

But oh ! Heav'n, may *that Man*

Live *curs'd*, and hated long :

Live in unusual Disgrace,

In pungent Mind, and painful Body :

And if he rose in *Haste*, in *Haste* too may he *fall*.

Happy Antwerp.

Bless'd with the last Retirements of the Great,

The Glorious *MARLBOROUGH*;

More *splendid*, and more honourable here,

Then when he shin'd in Ermin, or in Armour.

Who;

Having obtain'd a Name

Amongst the most illustrious Mortals,

The antient Demi-Gods, and present Heroes ;

A Name !

Esteem'd where-ever *Phæbus* gilds the Day,

Thro' habitable Earth :

Having secur'd from *French*,

And

And *Popish* Power

The happy Realms of *Britain*,
By *British* Arms, and those of firm *Allies* :

Having

By Glorious Marches, Sieges, Battles,
(Still *Victorious*)

Reliev'd the *Empire* : conquer'd *France* :
Made *Flanders* smile : *Holland* rejoice :

Tyrants tremble ;

And

A certain *Ascitious* Prince despair :

Full of Years,

With *Honours* loaden,

Withdrew into thy peaceful Walls,

In quiet to contemplate

Th' *Herculean* Labours of his busie Life,
(Chiefly employ'd for *England's* Good)

To behold

Such *Glories* ; purchas'd by a *single* Man

In few Years Space,

As a whole *Race* of Worthies might attempt
With less Success, in many Ages.

Happy Antwerp!

Blest with the last Remains
Of that Great Man, who once protected thee,
Secure from Tyranny.

Not all thy stately Buildings,
Not Temples (*Antwerp's* Pride)

Not

That *happy* Situation,
To which the Elements do *All* conspire
To make thee still frequented, ever lov'd :

Not all thy Riches, Plenty, Power,

Not Learning, *Arts*, and Sciences,

So true an Ornament to thee do prove,

As MARLBOROUGH's Presence

When Alive ;

His Monument,

Now Dead.

Envy us *England*.

And act, as *often* thou hast done,

Neglect thy *Heroes*, and thy *Benefactors* ;

Disgrace Them,

But

Lament

Lament, and Honour them, when 'tis too late.

Speak *Citizens*,

What *Shrines*, what *Arches*?

What *Mausoleum* shall we raise

For *Marlborough's* Glory, and our own?

The *Graver's* Art will perish,

The *Painter's* fade:

Time conquers *Trophies*,

And levels

Best rais'd *Triumphal Pillars* to the Ground.

'Tis the *POET*,

The *Muse* must make *Him* live,

For *She* that ne'er can die,

Alone an *Immortality* can give.

Descend, *Apollo*, then,

And all ye heav'nly Choir,

Which round *Parnassus* dwell,

Inspire,

Assist,

Whilst every Son of *Art*,

And rev'rend *Bard*,

Who treads on *Antwerp's* Plains,

B ;

Who

Who walks, and sings, and loves and rhimes,
 Under the *Umbra* of its Groves,
 Along the Borders of its Streams,
 Summons all their *Fire*,
 Strongest *Judgment*, brightest *Wit*,
 Liveliest *Fancy*, justest *Measure*
 To eternize *themselves*, their *Verse*,
 And

MARLBOROUGH.

Methinks I see a noble *Iliad* rise,
Virgil's invok'd, *Statius* and *Lucan* read,
 And every *Flandrian* Muse aspires to be
 A STEELE, and ADDISON.

Strange !

How the lab'ring *Genius* works the Brain,
 To rout the *French* on fam'd *Ramellia's* Plain :
 How many Poets gain that glorious Day !

Here One

With his All-conquering-Pen
 Forces the *Lines* ; by *Stratagem* once past,
 Maintain'd by *Courage*,
 And writes (as *Marlb'rough* fought) an *Army*
 down.

*Tropes, Figures, Similes engage the Men,
Sweep all the Plain,
And level strongest Bulwarks to the Ground.*

Another

*With Pegasean Speed from Flanders,
From Denmark, Prussia, Thule's self,
Describes Battallias, Post to Germany.*

How does the *Boian Prince*

(*Rewarded Rebel now*)

Tremble in Verse Heroic? How the Fate

Of the great Empire, dubious nod?

Till Marlborough gives the Word;

Then Baden marches, Eugene fights,

Schellenberg's pass'd, Hocster's won,

The Empire free, Tallard a Captive:

AN ARMY PRISONERS.

Attend y' inspir'd Souls,

Who Numbers love, and the just Force of Verse,

Applaud,

Encourage,

And in immortal Lines employ

Your best Invention, Diction, Phrase,

In proud Heroic, humble Elegy,

In *keen* Iambick, *softer* Saphic,
To sing the mighty, endless deeds
Of

MARLBOROUGH.

What a *noble Subject* must HE chuse,
Who takes him, *Infant* first, into his Care,
Then writes him full grown *Youth*,
What *Words*, What *Images*,
Will *this* happy *Poet* find
T'express his beauteous Body, beauteous Mind?
(Strong Promises of *future Greatness*.)
See: in the *Boy* he reads the *Man*,
And, without *Prophecy*, foretels
The *Politician*, *Patriot*, *Gen'ral* yet to come:
Whose *Genius* now out-runs his *Tears*,
And renders him the *King's*, the *Court's* Delight,
Their present *Admiration*, future *Hopes*.
How well is HE again employ'd,
Who his *maturer Tears* describes,
And finds the *Hero* in full Bloom?
Bending his *Thoughts* and *Actions*
All to his Country's Good.
Who leads him with Success

To

To many Prince's Favours,
With *Him* Great *William's* Reign adorns ;
With *Him* embellishes SIX Glorious Years
Of greater A N N.

What *Poet* now is equal to the Task ?

What *single* Genius dare attempt

The *Volumes* which are due to

MARLBOROUGH?

See; they divide the Theme;

One sings

His *noble* Race, *Equestrian* Family,

By *Wars* Atchievements,

Ripen'd into Princely *Titles*, Honours, Riches.

Another sings his Princely *Consort*,

And a beautiful *Descent*,

Even of *Goddesses* in *Mortal* Line.

Behold,

Ierne's here rejoicing drawn

At *Marlborough's* Arrival on her Shore,

Towns surrendring, Battles won,

The *French*, the *Native Irish* forc'd to fly,

And *Popery*,

And

And *Slav'ry* banish'd from the happy Coast.

There

Another Poet makes him shine

In *William's Council* at *Augusta*;

And *Another*

In *William's Wars* in *Flanders*:

W I L L I A M,

The *Good Genius* of the *British Isles*.

Affertor of our *Liberty*.

Defender of our *Laws*.

Protector of our *Religion*.

Restorer of them all.

WILLIAM! and MARLBOROUGH!

For ever BOTH employ'd

Our *Peace*, and *Safety* to secure,

And to transmit our *Crown*

To A N N A, glorious.

A N N A!

Tho' *last*, yet not *least* *Fortunate*

Of famous *STUART's* *Line*;

For *whose* *Sake*, and *Britain's* too,

When *Nassau* comes to die :

A melancholy Bard

Thus makes th' *Illustrious* Monarch breath his last,

With earnest *Eyes*, and *Force* of Voice,

Impressing *HANOVER*

Upon his *Royal* Sister's Heart.

ANNA, my *Sister*, my *Belov'd*,

The Cause

With which Heav'n warm'd my Breast,

(For which I left my Native Land)

To render This, a Guardianship to That,

And That, to This :

To join in strict Alliance, Friendship, Love,

The Dutch and British People,

Best Security

'Gainst France's lawless Pow'r,

'Gainst Popery, and Slavery at Home :

That Cause which thy Great Sire

Had made deplorable, and wretched,

By introducing Politicks in State,

And Worship in Religion.

Foreign, and destructive to our Isle,

Retriev'd by me,

Fate

Fate has determin'd
 By Thee to Finish.
 Thou shalt rise
 In Glory high,
 Victories strange
 Thy Reign shall grace,
 France shall be humbled, Lewis seek for Peace ;
 But remember, remember well, my Sister,
 Take CHURCHILL to thy Heart,
 Let Him command thy Arms Abroad,
 Advise at Home ;
 'Tis HE must draw my Sword,
 No Subject less than HE
 Shall e'er command the Belgian Troops,
 And those of numerous Allies ;
 No Britain, when He's gone.
 I see, I see the CONQUEROR,
 From Flanders, France, the Rhine, the Maes, the
 Scheld,
 Victorious to the very Ister.
 To Audenard, to Mons he makes his Way,
 (But oh ! Blaregnies is the greater Name,)

Tournay

Tournay *surrenders*, Lisle *submits*,
 Doway *yields*, Ev'n Bouchain's *taken*,
 And Paris——With that his *Spirits sunk*,
 Just able with his latest *Breath to say*,
 Paris——Pretender.

The *Monkish* Distich.

Here *England's* Glory, the Great CHURCHILL
 lies,
 Who, tho' he Conquer'd here, here Banish'd
 Dies.



Tommy's father, Little John,
Dovey's mother, & a woman's father,
who was ———— in the year 1710,
that she was his last friend to be,
———

The Monks' Ditch

It is England's glory, the Great Churchman,
———
Who can be compared to his friend,
———



EPITAPHIUM

In Illustrissimum PRINCIPEM

Joannem Ducem de Marlborough.

Extinctus amabitur Idem.

B*Eat*

In spem Resurrectionis;

Hic depositum est,

Quicquid Caducum fuit,

J O A N N I S

Ducis De MARLBOROUGH:

ANGLI.

Cujus Anima,

Immortalitati jam immixta;

Non Penes Invidiam;

Neque

Ingratitudinem;

(Amiena inter Piorum Concilia)

C

Felis

Felicissimo fruitur Elysio.

Et

Purpureo bibit ore Nectar.

Ubi

Alexander, Cæsar, Cato,

Mirantur; suspiciunt; Adorant,

Fortissimum Imperatorem,

Firmissimum Patriæ Patrem.

Cujus Augustum refugit Tribunal;

Cui *metus* lævâ trepidat Mamillâ;

Gloriâ *Vanè* tumuit Quis. Aut Quis

Ambitione.

Splendidæ vitæ hinc animosus Ardor;

Sordida & nummi fugit hinc Cupido;

Appetens aut qui est popularis Auræ; aut

Insidiosus.

Cujus Augustum refugit Tribunal,

Principem Quisquis (Facilem Petenti)

Prodidit. Sive est Sycophanta; vel si

Quærit amorem

Mobil

Mobilis vulgi; *variè Benigni,*
 Hostibus vel si Patriis Amicus;
 Vel sibi multam, *Patriæ Ruinâ;* a-
 -cervat Opum vim.

Illius vultum tremit intueri;
 Perfidum quodvis caput, & Dolosum;
 Hostibus fidens; Socios relinquens,
Tempore Belli.

Siste Viator.

Non longè hinc sitæ sunt

Tenues Reliquiæ

CHURCHILLI:

Anglorum Strategî;

Quibus

Egregium Decus,

Et Eheu!

Dedecus fuerat.

Quorum cum Famam (longè super Æthera vectam)
 Auxisset multùm Bello, & Victricibus Armis;
 Et quibus ille Domi, felicia Tempora Pacis

Cum benè prospiceret ; sibi Præmia Digna referri,
 Quisnam admiratur ? tamen hic, post Tempore parvo,
 Fortunæ Imperio ; & *sevæ Junonis ob Iram* ;
 Truditur Infelix, tantum non, truditur, Exul.

Felix ! Andevorpum.

O ! felix Villa. O ! felix Antuerpia Nomen ;
 Teque, *Virumque* tuum secla futura canent ;
 Transierit Phœbi nam quando plurima Messis,
 Et multum seræ Posteritatis opus ;
 Incola longinquæ inviset tua Moenia, Terræ :
 Inviset veteres *Indus* uterque Domos.
 Ut cernat Clarum, post plurima Fata, sepulcrum,
 Cernat ut eximii tot monumenta Viri ;
 Atque admirari liceat ; cum non capit orbis
 Famam : Sarcophagus Corpus inane tegit.
 Perlegat. Obstupeat. Discat Mortalia Fata
 Incerta. Et certum nil, nisi Mortis opus.
 Quid tibi Divitiæ tum profunt ? Quid tibi Forma ?
 Gloria quid ? Robur quid ? Moriture Deci ?

MARLBORIUM, *Exilio*, cum non Gratissima quævis
Dona Deûm poterant; nec retinere *Nece*.

Cum nec læta dies; *mens sana in Corpore sano*.

Te tibi, NIL poterit Continuare diu.

Non: licet egregiè gestâris munera Bellæ;

Victorem & vidit plurima sæpe dies.

Sive *Acie* pugnas; sive *Obsidione* Labores;

Fortia seu superas mœnia; sive viros.

Non: licet agnoscant, Te, *Castra*, & *Curia* Regum,

Subtilibus multùm, & Reconditis

Versatissimum Consiliis

Et

Secretis

Flexuosisque Aulicorum Artibus

Insigniter instructum

Fuisse.

Parùm Enim prodest:

MARLBORII.

Consule Fatum.

Parùm:

C 3

Di-

Dilucidè Compertum habuisse

Quis status Finimitas;

Exoticas Quis;

Quis Galliam ; quis socias deceat Regiones.

Nec multùm intererit, si publica commoda Noris ;

Et fixa, eterno tempore, Corde geris.

Labenti Patriæ, post bellum, & mille Labores,

Articulos *pacis* conciliaſſe *Bone*.

Principis & Blandi longum meruiſſe Favorem ;

Et meritis digno, ſemper honore frui.

Quod te dilexit *Laicus* ; foveatque *Sacerdos* ;

Pontifices Partes quod tenuere tuas,

Quod te *Patricius*, quod te *Libertus* adoret ;

Et quod *Plebeio* diceris ore *Deus*.

Experieris enim *Diverſi* tempora Fati ;

Et Titulis primùm vel mala Fama nocet ;

Vel Mors exæquat tandem. Similique Sepulcro,

(Funera poſt) ſapiens, inſapiensque jacet.

Tum caſum ſubeunt Fortisque, Puſillus eundem ;

Et Fatum ſentit juſtus, iniquus idem.

Qui

Qui *Patriam servat* : Patriam qui VENDIDIT AURO.

Sed nostras audi Jupiter æque preces.

Da multos misero, multos da Jupiter annos.

Omne, diu vivens, Sentiat ILLE malum.

Corpora morbus edat ; nulli absint mente furores ;

Sit Grandis parvo tempore ; sitque miser.

Felix ! Antuerpia.

MARLBORIUS quod sæpè tuis sub manibus altis,

Otia *Sera* tulit : Claræ & *spatia ultima vitæ*

Produxit tecum. Cui plus SAPIENTA splendet

Tranquillo, his latebris, quam Martis *Fulgor* in armis ;

Aut Patres inter, *torrens sua Copia* fandi.

Jamque exultantem cerno ; quod pace quiescit

Hic ; multis annis, multis & honoribus auctus.

Namque hic, *Herculeos* se sustinuisse Labores ;

Hic meminisse potest, quod *Solus*, gesserat annis

Talia per paucis, Quibus haud *æqualia* vidit

Longæva annorum Series ; Decorata frequenti

Heroum liceat *numero*, variisque Triumphis.

Et certe meminisse juvat. Nam publica semper

In bona sudavit: *Patriæque* in Commoda vixit,
 Hic liceat meminisse, tuis sub moenibus altis,
 Quam! famâ egregius: Quantum dilectus & Idem,
 Qua virtus splendet; pandit qua lumina Phœbus.
 Queis, lacrymis victam se plorat Gallia bello.
 Auspiciis ut! sæpe bonis victricia vidit
 Agmina; Dum Campos, Urbes, longosque Viarum
 Occupat anfractus. Ut! non stetit obvius illi
 Hostis in arma potens. Sed quicquid *Roma* paravit
 In bellum; *Gallus* quicquid; vel quicquid *Iberus*,
Se Duce prostratum penitus, penitusque subactum,
 Viribus Anglorum videt; & socialibus Armis.
 Unde, futura tibi, jam nulla pericula, Gallis,
 Nulla Papistarum jam prospicit, *Anglia*, fraude,
 CAROLE, te salvum, læte hîc, *Gallosque* fugatos,
 Adspicit, & *Boios*: Te, justè ridet; inanem
 JACOBÈ, & titulum. Te, nil, nisi *Nomine* Regem.
 Et *Socium* ridet *Gallum*. Qui, cum sibi Sceptrum
 Eripi, & Imperium, CHURCHILLO, viderat. unde,
 Spes tibi *suppetiit* Regni; *Dulcissime Rerum*?

De

Denique lætari quam multum, Antuerpia, Magno
MARLBORIO Liceat ? Cui, postquam *Flandria* Grates
Persolvit dignas, & res *Hollandia* Salvas
Victori agnovit; tranquilla per otia, Finem
Solicitæ tecum, jam tandem ducere vitæ,
Destinat ?

Felix ! Andevorpum.

Cui

Obtigit Condere

(*Post Inimicissimum Fatum*)

Felices Reliquas,

Magnanimi Herois,

M A R L B O R I I

Qui Te,

Tyrannide Liberam,

Securam,

In

Longam posteritatem,

Reddidit.

Felix ! Antuerpia.

i. Tan-

1.

Tantam, tumentis non tibi, gloriam,
Ordo nitentum, splendidus, *Ædium* ;
Tantum Decoris, non Ministrant
Templa, tuâ celebrata curâ.

2.

Tantumve laudis, climata prospera
Terræ Beatæ. multus, & advena ;
Et cuncta, quæ lætis, amorem
Conciliant, *Elementa* donis.

3.

Congesta, tantum, haud magna *pecunia* ;
Doctrina ; Rerum aut *Copia* ; non Decus
Tantum parant, *artes*, *Potestas*.

MARLBORII MONUMENTA Quantum.

4.

(*Vivent* futuris quæ tibi Sæculis)
Quantum redundat Mœnibus his tuis
Famæ ; *remisit* quod Britannus

MARLBORIUM Tibi, cum Triumphis.

Invi.

Invidere

Jam licet, ANGLIA ;

Et

Permittitur,

Ut,

Quod sæpe Egisti, agas.

Contemne Heroas ; Priventur honoribus &, qui
Sanguinei pro te tolerârunt Tædia Belli,
Qui te Pace colunt. Sed, cum *circumvolat atra*
Nox caput. Et postquam miseris Infamia, Funus
Contgit ; I Demens, & splendida Conde Sepulcra ;
Occidit & nostri, tum Exclama, Gloria Regni.

Sed Eheu ! Cives ;

Quosnam, Triumphis *Angligeni* Ducis,
Tollemus ARCUS ? *Flandrica* Gloria

(*Innixa Churchillii* perenni,

Pyramidum & potiore, famâ)

Undè, in futuri tempora Seculi

Durabit ? ARAS ; *Dicite, dicite,*

Num

Num nos, piis Umbris struemus

MARLBORII; & *Cineri* beato?

Non. Sola Facta hæc *Calliope* potest
(Vel cûi coronat sacrum hederâ caput)

Æterna, supremum per Ævum,

Reddere, nec peritura Chartâ.

Solum *Poetæ* est ære perennius

Carmen. *Poetæ* versibus inclytis

Chartâque cælatis Triumphis,

Grande, per innumeras Aristas,

Sec'lumque vivet, *Nomen*, in ultimum.

Quod non *Tabellis* Pictor in Uvidis ;

Præstant, nec annis, en ! TROPHÆA

(Aut STATUÆ) interitura, paucis.

Descende Cælo, DELIE, Carminum

Tum, Docte præses, & Cytharæ sciens;

Tecumque *Parnassi* Bicornis,

Dulcifonus *Chorus* omnis adsit.

Multum Decorus judicio gravi;

Multum Repletus Vividâ Imagine;

Justisque Mensuris Modisque:

Ingenio & fluat omnis acri.

Nostrisque Musis, spiritus Igneus,

Afflatus (Illis) Cordibus intimis,

Accendat, ut *magnum*, superbo

MARLBORIUM celebrent, Cothurno.

Ergo relinquo mollia Carmina

Antverpe Vates: Lusus Amabilis

Transmittet haud, lentis Iambis,

Teque, Tuamque, per omne Tempus

Famam, Futuris Posteritatibus.

Cantus; Amores; Desere Flumina;

Umbrasque Lucorum; vocat te

Grande magis, meliusque Plectrum.

En! inchoata est Ilias altera;

En! *Flandrus* orat VIRGILIUM frequens,

Ut Carmen excudat, modosque

ADDISONO, STILIOQUE *Dignos*.

Mirandum!

Ju. Quam! vario, *Musas*, Genio, Cerebrique Labore

Implo-

Implorant læti vates, & *Apollinis* artem,
 Cum canere incipiunt, Quali RAMILLIA Gallo
 Devictos vidit Luctu, Variisque poetis,
 (*Disparibus Numeris,*) Victoria quæritur *Anglis*
 UNIUS officium est (solis, SCRIBENTIS, in armis
 Armati, in longum tractum, MUNIMINA Camp
 Custode invito, perrumpere; & ense, manuque;
 Saxa, Viros, Foveas ingenti *transgredi* honore.
 Jamque tenet *Virtute*, suis quod *Consiliorum*
 Viribus obtinuit primò; Ceduntque *Phalanges*
 Nunc *vati*, cessere prius qui, *Militis* armis.
 Ecce! *Figura*, *Tropus*; vivâque in imagine picta
 Res; Diverſa tamen: quam! gratè munera Tor
 Bellatoris agunt? [videas nam *Rhethoris* arte
 Armatas lætè pulcro, procedere Turmas
 Ordine: Loricâ multum, Galeâque Decoras.
 Sed quando *infremuit* vates, Concurritur; atque
 Inde Fuga, & Clades: verum hinc victoria læta
 Cernitur; & *studio*, jam Campis, AGMINA, mult
 Sternuntur, ceduntque Urbes. Res ardua summi

Ingeniis nempe est, *Fictis* describere verbis
Prælia MARLBORII, non ullo æquanda Magistro.
 Ecce alius Versu (dederat cûi Pegasus Alas)

Dania quos nutrit, quos *Prussia*, & *Ultima Thule*,
 Mixtum *Anglis* Numerum & *Batavis*. vehit O-
 cyus Euro,

AUSTRIACÆ tutos longa ad Confinia *Terræ*.

Lætarique facit, pacatis Fluctibus, *Istrum*,

Adventu subito *Tamesis*. Sed Carmina vates

Compones Quænam? BOII queis Principis Omne
 Cor tremere efficies; multo & pallere Timore

Ostendes juvenem: nec præmia ferre, *Rebellem*,

Conjiciens potuisse) memor sis, Carmine Digno,

Dicere, & Eloquio; *Dubiis*, ut! tempore in illo,

Undavit nimiùm, & miseris *Germania* Fatis :

Cum CAMPO *Eugenius*, Ludovicus MONTE

Triumphos

Post Strages multas egere, & vulnera Belli :

MARLBORIO *monstrance vias*, & Cuncta jubente.

Qui; postquam longum, multis Legionibus, atque

Est

Est, armis, Emenfus iter (Cûi viderat olim
Gens *nulla* Æquale; & facilè non *Postera* Credet)
Romanum Imperium servavit. lætus, Opimis
Et *Spoliis*, magnum TALLARDUM sub juga misit:
Et vidit

EXERCITUM, CAPTIVOS.

Accedite

Quibus MUSA dedit Loqui.

Quèis Numeri, Quèis sunt & mollia Carmina Cordi.

PLAUDITE

Patrocinamini.

Et,

Numero, non numeranda,

Alteri Cuivis,

Inimitabilia,

Immortalia

(Versu immortalis)

Cantate Omnes

GESTA

MARLBORH

Didis;

Distis, & phrasibus non malè congruis;
haud Themate indignâ, Rerum & imaginè.

Cantet: Quique stylum Callet *Homericum*:

Cantet: Quique *Elegi* versibus utitur.

Qui Curtis pedibus mordet *Iambicis*,

Aut *Sapphûs* recitat Carmina, *Lesbiæ*.

Cantet

INVICTISSIMUM

MARLBORIUM.

Quale! Dii munus, quibus *Incunabula* Curæ,
Nascentis pueri: quibus & pulcherimus *Infans*
Traditur ornandus? *Tenera* aut formanda *juventa* est?
Perciti enim quamvis ipsius *Apollinis* Oestro;
Deficient versus, quæis Dignè extollere possent
Co poris Egregios, & pulchros *Mentis* honores.
(*Rara! Bona.* Et meritò *Famæ*, *Præfaga* futuræ.
Cur parvis, ergo mirere, *Geographus*, orbem
Quod totum ostendat tabulis. En! quicquid *adultam*
Marlborii Ætatem decorat, *Puerilia* monstrant
Tempora: *Bullatâ* & possis benè cernere *Veste*,

D

Herod

Heroa *armatum* Bello: Patriæque saluti
 Intentum, in *Nugis*; *Respondentemque Senatu*.
 O! quàm venturos *juvenis* jam *præterit* annos?
Delitiæ! Regis. Toti Gratissimus Aula.
Præsentis STUPOR ætatis. SPES Magna
Futura.

At *Tibi* lætari quantùm licet, *Inclyte vates*,
 Cui Dicenda *Ducis*; (saturi jam laudibus, Annis,
 Imperio, & Famâ) dabitur *Maturior ætas*?
Castalios adeas *Latices*; *Heliconæ* pererræ;
 Verba roga, numerosque (Sacras ad *Apollinis*
 aras)

Quêis jam *Heroa* tuum, *Confessum*, inscribere
 posses

Divorum Numero. Qui, quicquid Corpore, quicquid
 Præstavitque animo; *Patriæ* impendebat honori.
 Pagina sed quantùm Surgit? Cum *Gratia* Regum
 Multorum, Insignem Donis, plenumque Favore
Marlborium reddit? Tumidis & Carmina, Verbis
 Quam pulchrè splendent, decorant omnia Regna Poëta

Marl

Marlborio, WILLHELME tua'; & cum Gloria
multa

Sex, hinc, autumnis felicibus additur ANNÆ:

Grande equidem Munus: Quodque audax, viribus
Impar,

Aggreditur: quisquis propriis dicenda Camænis,

Cogitat Herois Numerosa Volumina Tanti.

En! Divisim igitur conantur tradere versu;

Floreat antiquo quòd nobilitatis honore;

Tradere, quòd postquam claro, & longo Ordine
Equestri,

Gens privata diu (propriâque in laude) Quievit,

Principis ascendit jussu, meritoque Favore,

Ad Titulos tandem summos; summasque locorum

Magnatum sedes; Quòd magnâ Opulentiâ, honore

Distincta est vario; præclari Munera postquam,

Præstaret Campis feliciter, omnia, Belli.

Carmina, sed lætos, quantùm in Diversa, Poëtas

Materies diversa trahit?—Virtutibus UXOR

Ornata, *Huic* canitur, multis; Formosaque proles

Fæminea, atque quibus dicas ritè, *O Dea certè!*
Mollia, qui, tractat dum Tela Cupidinis; *Alter*
Scribit, quam placido lætatur *HIBERNIA* vult
Magnanimi adventu Ducis, ut tremat undique fallax
Incola, cum Gallis; solitis quæruntque salutem
Montibus. Ostendit *commisso* ut *Marte* fugantur
Qui Campis pugnant. Nec non fortissima *Verfu*
Mænia, cum Villis, subito cedentia cernas.
Relligio & Gentis (*Fatali debita Romæ*)
Servitium (*Gallis*) felicibus exulat Oris.

Quale jam carmen recitat Poëta?

Arduis rebus *GULIELME* vestris,
Qui Ducem sistit medio senatu,
Concilioque,

Quivè Londino rapit appetentem
Gloriæ, ad Campos, benè *Marte*, notos;
Belgii Castra &: *GULIELMUS* undè
Fulminat Armis.

GULIELMUS!

Genius

Britannicarum Insularum

Bonus.

ANTIQUÆ

LIBERTATIS ASSERTOR:

LEGUM DEFENSOR:

RELIGIONIS PROTECTOR:

Omnium

INSTAURATOR.

WILHELMUS!

MARLBORIUS!

Consulunt æquè *Britonum* saluti ;

Consulunt æquè *Britonumque* Paci;

Consulunt, multâ teneatque Famâ ut,

ANNA Coronam.

ANNA! non felix minimè *STUARTA*

Gente (quæ toto Celebratur Orbe)

Regiæcujus manet *Anna*, stirpis,

Sola superstes.

CUI favens Vates ; *Britonique*; cum *Te*

Morbus extremus *Gulielme* frangit ;

Ultimas, Verbis, Morientis Horas

Talibus ornat.

Imprimens HANNOVIA FATA, totis

Viribus: Fixis oculisque; Voce

Imprimens Forti, Sacra Fata, Sacro

Corde sororis.

ANNA soror; vitâ hac nostrâ, mihi Carior

ANNA;

Causa Britanna;

Juraque, Leges.

Relligioque.

Libera Gensque.

Res Propriaque.

Quæ mihi Fata,

Restituisse:

Fata dedere

Ut tibi Finis,

(Auspiciis Bonis)

Citò ponatur.

Gloria multa;

Prælia

*Prælia mira;
 Parta & honore;
 Prospera, multos
 Regna, per Annos,
 Populumque reddent.*

Et Pacem impones Genti, cum Rege, superbæ.
 Decedet Gallus Britoni; Ludovicus & ANNÆ.
 Huic, soror, incubui, longo, Gratissima, Causæ
 Tempore; *non equidem creda sinè Numine Divûm.*
 Hinc ego NATIVÆ discessi Littore Terræ
 Navibus armatis; Tempestatesque sonoras,
 Et Fluctus temnens, hyemali fidere, Tutum,
 Armis, Militibus, vestris Deus appulit oris.
 Præsidium semper fiant, ut *Belgia* vobis;
Vos Belgis; ut amor conjungat mutuus AN-
 GLOS,

Et *Batavos*. Hostes contrà, *socia arma gerantque.*
 Quæis solùm Auspiciis, secura Tyrannide Galli,
 EUROPA evadet, nec sentiet Anglia Pondus
 Imperii, Lex est, ubi Regis sola *voluntas*:

Libera servitio fueritque; Arisque Papismi.

Et quòd vera tuis, quæ narro, oracula, credas

Auribus, ostendam : *veterem renovare dolorem*

Si licet; & meminisse, soror, queis Tristia Fata,

Ploravit lacrymis, Gens tota hæc; Regna teneret

Cum *Pater* infelix; qui multis flebilis, ibat

Consiliis præcepis pravis; *Evertere mores*

Antiquos patriæ; Qui, sacra, profanaque juxta,

(Longè olim fixa, & multos *stabilita* per annos)

Obruere *immetus* stetit, Ignotosque Deorum

Cultus; & nostris aliena; & Noxia jura,

Sancire; atque, *novis* animum, distendere Rebus.

Ergo CHURCHILLUM *fatagas*, tuarum

Præsidem Rerum statuisse semper;

Convenit namque, *Hunc*, latitat quod imò

Noscere Corde.

Hunc Ducem cernant aliena Regna;

Consulat, quicquid facias Domique;

Nemo nam, nostrum, meliore Fato,

Gestiet Ensem.

Belgicas, solus, SOCIASQUE Turmas,
Regio ducet, *minor* hic, honore,

Anglus & Nullus Reget has Catervas,
MARLBORIUM post.

Ecce! autem longè vincentem cerno *Britannum*;
Qua *Mosa*, & *Scaldis*; *Danubiusque* fluunt.

Victorem agnoscent quoque *Gallia*, *Flandria*
Rhenus;

Quique *Aldenaræ* Mænia, Tutus amat.

Non Illum *Montes*; Famosaque prata *Blarenne*;

Non sistit multis, INSULA, fortis aquis.

Tournacum expugnat; Citò submittitque *Duacum*;

Imò Ipsum tandem *Bouchaniumque* capit,

Lutetiæque——in quo, Vocis tunc ultima cessit

Vis, verbo: moriensque dedit vix *Flammula Vitæ*,

Dicendi veniam ——

PARISII——IMPOSTOR——

Monochale Distichon.

Hic jacet *Angligena* CHURCHILLUS gloria
Gentis,

Qui, licet his *Victor* Mænibus, *Exul* obit.



MONO- F I N I S.



ria